

Devil Be Gone

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Summary: Lucifer has finally been kicked out of Cas' body. Naturally, the first thing Dean wants to do is make sure that his angel is okay - and maybe even comfort him a little. Based on a Tumblr prompt.

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****Disclaimer: I don't own SPN.****

****Based on a Tumblr prompt, which I made the image of this. I love collaborating with masterjediratgrl31! You should check out her response to the prompt "it's called 'Cas is Back'".****

"Cas? _Cas_!"

Dean fought his way through the settling dust and mounds of broken rubble "a result of the huge battle between God and Amara, and Sam and Dean and Amara's minions" as the last of the blinding white light of Lucifer's grace poured out of Cas' mouth and the angel collapsed as though his strings had been cut. Everything seemed to be in slow motion"his heart was pounding erratically and he could barely breathe"Cas had to be alright, he just _had_ to! Dean couldn't live with himself if he lost Cas because this was all his damn fault and Cas shouldn't have to suffer any longer!

"Hey! Hey, buddy!" He skidded to a halt next to Cas and practically threw himself to his knees, grabbing the feebly stirring angel and hauling him into his arms. "Cas! C'mon, angel! I can't lose you after all this crap!"

Cas' head lolled on Dean's shoulder and he slumped against Dean, boneless. Dean blinked rapidly, his eyes beginning to sting.

"Don't give out on me now, you son of a bitch! C'mon, Cas!"

The soft groan that Cas emitted was like freaking Led Zeppelin to Dean's ears.

"Deanâ€¦" Cas mumbled. In response, Dean crushed the angel to his chest and buried his face in Cas' shoulder, laughing in hysterical relief.

"Cas," he said in what was definitely not a sob. "You came back, Cas!"

When he pulled back and saw familiar bright blue eyes staring back at him, albeit droopy and unfocused, he gave a breathy laugh.

"Don't you ever do that again, Cas!" he said. "Dammit, I could kiss you right now!"

Cas just closed his eyes and sagged in Dean's arms. Dean's smile faded when he felt just how little strength Cas had in his limbs.

"Please," the angel whispered brokenly.

Dean didn't even have to think. He gently lifted Cas' chin, taking a moment to drink in the familiar features before him, before pressing his mouth to Cas'. Cas' lips were warm and soft and plump and Dean immediately melted into the kiss, cupping Cas' face with both his hands as he carefully worked his lips against Cas', careful not to be too aggressive or forward. He pulled away after a moment to gauge Cas' response.

"Why did you stop?" Cas murmured. Dean laughed shakily and pulled Cas even closer.

"We're kinda in the middle of something," he said. "C'mon, let's get you somewhere safe. I ain't letting Amara get her filthy hands on you when I just got you back!"

Cas allowed Dean to pull him to his feet and guide him away, tucked safely in Dean's arms. Once Dean had gotten him to a place that didn't look like a bomb site, he gently pushed the angel down to sit on the ground.

"Stay here," he said firmly.

"I â€" I can take care of myself," Cas slurred. Dean rolled his eyes.

"I know. But you just kicked the Devil out, Cas. The Devil, who Amara's been torturing to get God's attention. If you go out there, you're gonna get killed! And â€" I can't lose you again, Cas. It's all my fault that you felt like you had to say yes to Lucifer. I ain't gonna let you die before I can make it up to you. Hell, you ain't gonna die at all."

Cas didn't smile but his lips did twitch. Dean ran a hand through the angel's messy black hair and then leaned in to kiss him again, wondering why the hell he hadn't been doing this before. Why hadn't he told Cas how he felt before now? Why'd he have to wait until this crap happened before he finally grew the balls?

"Oi! There's a war going on here!" Sam shouted. Dean rolled his eyes and broke the kiss.

"Stay here, Cas. Sam and I've gotta take care of the rest of Amara's minions. Then we're gonna go back to the bunker and I'm gonna spoil you like nothing else. Got it?"

"I got it," Cas said quietly. Dean grinned at him quickly and then pulled out his gun and jumped right back into the battle.

End
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